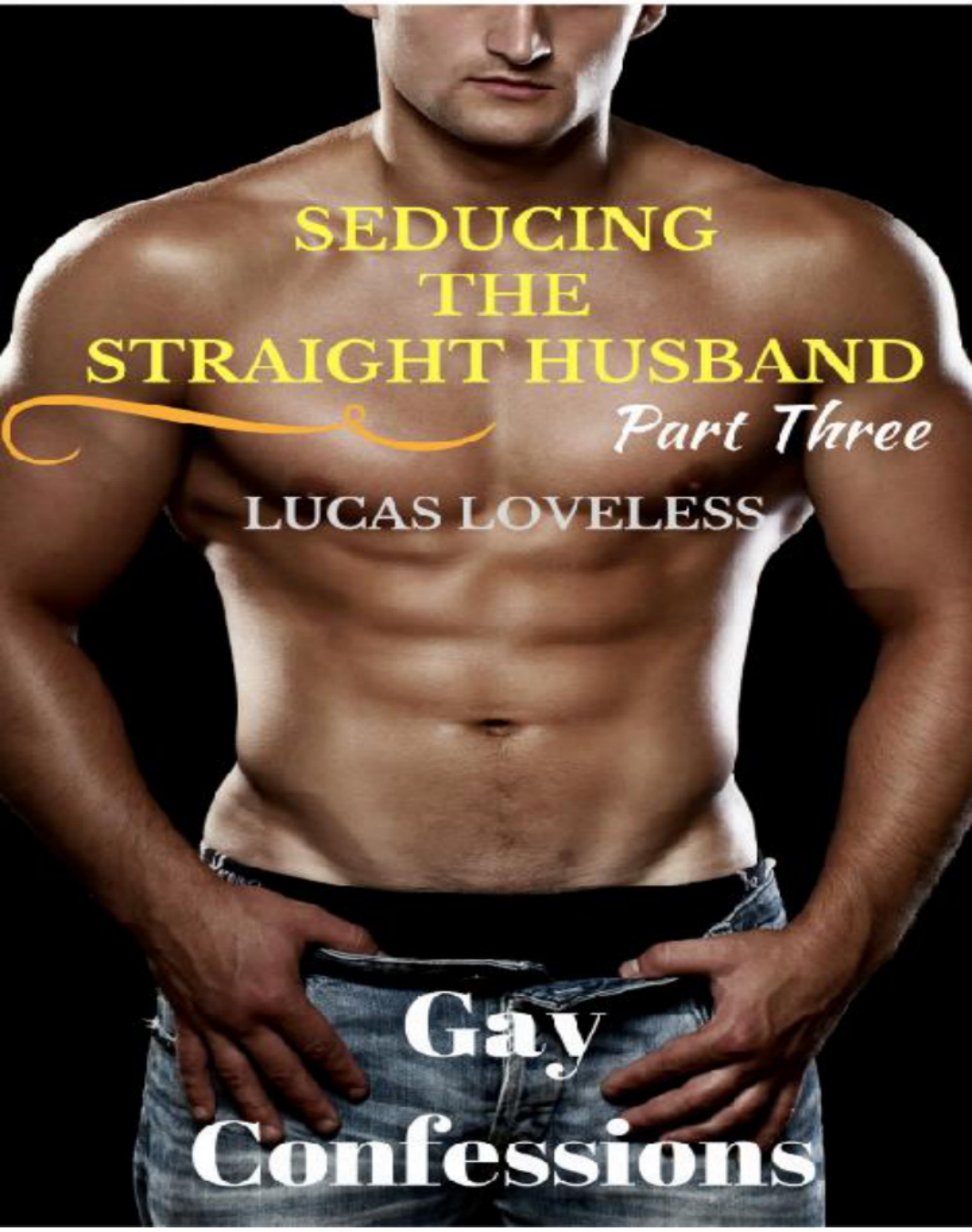
SEDUCING
THE
STRAIGHT HUSBAND
Part Three
LUCAS LOVELESS
Gay
Confessions

ONE

"Come on, where the hell is he already?" I paced back and forth across my office. I ran my fingers through my hair and sipped on a little more whiskey. I sent my last patient home an hour ago, and my hot-as-hell fuck buddy was supposed to have been a half hour ago.

"This is stupid," I muttered. "We need to just start meeting at a motel room."

No, that'd be a waste of money, I thought. Maybe my house? No, that would be even worse.

Over the week I had convinced myself that Travis Clark was still nothing more than a piece of meat, my piece of meat. My hot-as-hell fucking bastard who loved fucking me! And that's all he was. If I invited him over to my house, that would be a form of letting him in. I'm a therapist, I know these things. Allowing that beautiful fucker into my personal space is the last thing I need. Inviting him into my body is the first.

I checked my watch again. "What the hell is taking him so long?"

Stupid, I thought. This whole thing is stupid. How did he still have me standing on edge like this when we'd already hooked up a handful of times?

It's because you have feelings for him, I thought to myself.

"No," I whisper. "No, I don't."

My office door opened. Then I heard his deep, beautiful and seductive voice, slow and yet forceful.

"Talking to yourself, Doc?"

My breath became a little shorter. My hands started to sweat and tremble. The office seemed a little dimmer as the blood left my brain and I become light-headed just knowing that finally, finally my man had arrived.

I turned around and face him.

He stepped through he doorway and closed the door behind him. "And here I thought you were supposed to be helping crazy people."

Fuck, I thought. My eyes wouldn't leave him. I couldn't tear them away if I tried.

Travis Clark, that muscled out, beautiful straight bastard, he'd actually dressed up this time! Nice slacks, black and fitting over his hips and round

butt. A dark blue, button up shirt, even buttoned at the sleeves. And his hair was slicked back, and his face clean shaven. It made his entrancing eyes stick out that much more. And the smell of him! Holy fuck the smell of him! It was his scent, musk mixed with cologne he'd put on.

I took in a deep breath of him. I couldn't stop myself. My body reacted before my mind could. My mind had completely shut down. Its mechanisms had gone primal, primal for this hunk near my office door. I set down the glass of what little whiskey there was.

"You look like you've been waiting for me," he said.

I walked forward to him. Fast and out of control. "I've been waiting too fucking long."

I grabbed him by his shirt collar and pulled him to me. His body was against mine, so close I was drowning in that drug of a scent. His body was warm, and his erection pressed against me, poking through his slacks like an angry member ready to play. I held him close to me, his lips so close they were almost touching mine. I almost pulled him all the way to kiss me, but I held back. I held back because I'd never been like this before, wanting someone so passionately that my body literally ached just to have them so close.

Travis breathed heavier. "What the fuck are you doing, Doc?" he whispered. "Don't stop now."

There was a fire in his eyes, a gleam that reflected back to the heat in mine. Our gazes would rip into one another if they could. His lips curled into a slight grin. He put his hands on my waist and pulled my lower half against him. His cock was rock hard now inside his slacks. "I said don't stop."

And that was all he needed to say.

My head clouded and I lost full control of myself.

I grabbed his head by the back of his neck and pulled him to me. I tilted my head, parted my lips and pressed them against his.

His hands squeezed my body. My waist and my sides. My thighs, and he rubbed my chest.

Our lips pressed hard against one another, and then they danced. Grinding against one another. Tasting one another. He tasted like wine. I tasted like whiskey. He opened his mouth enough to let me slip my tongue inside. I let my tongue glide over his, massaging his. His tongue whipped back against mine in the same kind of dance our lips were making.

The office felt warmer. It seemed dimmer. The few seconds my eyes opened, only halfway, it seemed like we were in a fog, a blurry haze caused by our explosive wanting for one another.

"Fuck," Travis moaned. He stopped kissing my mouth, and he started kissing and sucking on my neck. "Oh fuck, Doc. I've been thinking…" he kissed me, "about this…" he nibbled on my ear, "all fucking day."

His hands found their way to my butt and squeezed. He grabbed two handfuls and played with my butt, shaking and massaging it.

The pleasure radiated to the rest of my body, making me want to buckle to my knees before him.

He took off my suit jacket and tossed it to the floor.

I started undoing the buttons of his shirt.

He undid the buttons of my shirt even faster while whipping my tongue with his.

He turned me around and pulled my shirt open. He slid it off of my arms and tossed it where he'd thrown my jacket.

He pulled me back against him. I could feel his erection against my butt, hard and firm and eager for me. I felt his mouth on the back of my neck – his hands running up my torso underneath my undershirt. He grabbed the bottom of my undershirt and lifted it over my head and tossed it onto the floor with the other clothes.

He bit on my ear gently. "Did you wear what I wanted you, too?"

You fucking beautiful bastard, I thought.

My eyes closed. I reached my hand behind me and felt the back of his head, running my fingers through his hair. "Yes."

He reached around me and undid my belt. "You better have worn what I told you to. If not, I think I'll have to punish you."

"Fuck," I whimpered.

Maybe I shouldn't have worn what he wanted me to, just to get him to spank me.

He unbuttoned my pants. He undid the zipper.

He slid his warm hands down my hips, inside my pants. He felt the lace

of the underwear he'd asked me to wear this time.

"Fuck," he growled into my ear. "Doc, you're so fucking hot." He bit my ear lobe as he toyed with the lace of my underwear. "Let's get everything off of you."

He knelt down behind me. He untied my shoe laces. He grabbed onto my ankles as I stepped out of them, leaning on the wall for balance. He slid off my socks. He tossed all of them aside, leaving me in nothing but pants and his surprise underneath them.

He stayed on his knees behind me. He put his hands on my waist, sliding his fingers under the waistline of my slacks.

I reached behind myself and felt the back of his head as he started to kiss the skin of my hip. I felt his hands and his shoulders. He moved slow, putting his lips on me gently and yet firm.

He pulled down my pants.

My body trembled with a small fear that he might not like what he'd see underneath my clothes. I had never done anything like this, worn anything like this for another man. But he had requested it of me the day before, saying it was a fantasy he'd always wanted to fulfill, and I wanted to be the person he fulfilled it with.

"Fuck yeah," he said as he pulled my pants to my ankles. He guided my feet to step out of them. He tossed my pants to the side. It was as if he'd unwrapped a present, and the present was me, wearing a pair of pink, lace underwear the barely contained my rigid hard cock.

"Do you like it?" I asked, turning my face to see his.

He wore a smile and a horny gleam in his eyes. He rubbed up my thighs. He grabbed a handful of my butt and squeezed. "Fuck yeah, Doc. You look amazing in this."

He kissed the small of my back. He massaged my thighs and the flesh just under my butt.

My body trembled as a wave of pleasure went through me. He was teasing me, making me want his hands and cock and lips so bad it hurt.

He stood up behind me. He bit my ear again. He wrapped his arms around me, strong and masculine. He felt my stomach and chest. He went lower, gently caressing my cock through the lace with his fingertips.

“Fuck,” I whimpered.

“Go to the couch,” he ordered.

He pushed me forward.

I stumbled a little, and he immediately reached forward and grabbed me to steady me.

“Whoa, you okay?” he asked.

I turned to face him. I couldn’t stop smiling at him. “I’m great.”

I held onto his hand, walking backwards as we made our way to my couch that we had had sex on twice before now.

“How do you want me?” I asked.

“Lie down,” he told me.

I laid down across the couch as I was told.

Travis undid the rest of the buttons from his shirt. He stepped out of his shoes. He tossed them aside. He slid off his undershirt. He undid his belt and zipper.

I bit my lip, watching him undress like it was slow tease. I ran my fingers over the tingling skin of my body. I had goosebumps.

He took his pants off.

I could see the bulge in his boxer-briefs.

He slid his fingers under the waistline of his underwear and pulled it down. His thick prick sprang forth like a happy dagger, long and hard and bouncing and throbbing for me. He kicked his boxer-briefs aside and stepped forward.

“You’re too hot for your own good,” I told him.

He smiled, showing me those dimples. He put a finger to my lips. “Shh, stop talking, Doc.”

He lowered his face onto my chest. He started kissing and doing circles on my skin. When he spoke I could feel his hot breath on me. It felt so good my eyes closed and I started squirming against the hot leather of the couch.

“I’m going to make you wish you could come ten times in a row,” he

told me.

I put my fingers on the back of his head. “What are you going to do to me, Travis?”

He licked around my hardened nipples. He sucked them into his mouth and nibbled on them. “I’m going…” he kissed my stomach, “to make you feel…” he kissed my lower stomach, “hotter and better…” he kissed just above the waistline of the lace underwear I wore, “than you’ve ever felt, Doc.”

My hands raised above me. I grabbed onto the arm of the couch and squeezed. My body was raging. I was dripping precome. I was drooling for him. I was trembling for him. I was so ready for him to take complete control of me.

I felt his tongue on the outside of my underwear, running along the shaft of my prick. “Fuck,” I whimpered, starting to squirm. He gathered some of the lace into his mouth and tugged on it. He let it go, letting it pop back against my body. He took it back in between his teeth and pulled it further. I could hear the lace tear a little. He let it go again and it popped back against me. “Oh fuck, Travis!”

He licked along the lace, along my cock, then my taint, then teasing me by putting his warm tongue so close to my wanting little asshole that I started to moan louder.

“Oh my God, Travis,” I begged, “just give it to me already. Please.”

He smiled with devilish satisfaction as he ran his hands up my thighs. “You want it already, Doc?”

I nodded. “Uh huh.”

He spun me over onto my stomach.

I squirmed against the leather of the couch, writhing and wriggling.

His lips landed on my back, just above my butt. His tongue ventured lower. His fingertips slid under the waistline of my underwear and tugged down on them. He pulled them down, slow, an aching tease. My fingers clawed into the end of the couch. I started biting down on the leather.

He finally tore my underwear off of me. I could hear the rip of the lace and his grunt as he destroyed it. He tore them off of me and tossed them on the floor. I was bare naked before him, all for him, all for his total control. We were bare naked together. I could almost feel our energy intermingling with

one another, combining and crashing and becoming one.

He squeezed my ass cheeks hard. He spread them.

I arched up as I felt his hot, wet tongue plunge into the most sensitive part of my body. No one on earth could do to my asshole what Travis could with his lips and tongue.

“Fuck!” I cried out.

He grunted and ate me out like it was the last ass he’d ever taste.

My fingers clawed into the couch. "Oh God," I groaned.

He leaned up to take a breath, keeping my butt firm in the grip of his hands. "I swear to God, Doc," he said with heavy breathing, "I never knew eating ass could be so addicting." He spanked.

The sharp jolt of the spank sent a shockwave through my body that made even my cock twitch. "Fuck," I whimpered.

"Yeah," he growled. He grabbed my hips and raised them. He pulled me up onto my hands and knees. "Give me that ass, Doc."

"Oh, you fucking bastard," I moaned with delight.

He spanked me again. The pain felt hotter, leaving my flesh warm and tingling.

"Fucking bastard!" I moaned louder.

He growled as he leaned forward. He slipped his tongue around my hole, doing circles and flicking it and driving me fucking wild.

"Fuck, Travis," I moaned. I lay down on my shoulders. "That feels so fucking good."

He moaned with his tongue in my ass and spanked me. He whipped his tongue up my taint and to my hole. Ravenous and insatiable. My body was his heroine, his drug and igniting all of the passion within him.

I rocked myself back against him and felt his tongue slip in. Now, I wanted his cock inside me so bad. Precome was pouring from my prick and onto the couch.

He leaned up. He grabbed me by my shoulders and brought me up against him. He wrapped his arms around me like a python. "I'm ready to punish your little sweet ass, Doc."

I wanted him to pound me, take control and fuck me so uncontrollable until my brains were out of my head. But I also wanted to fight for some control, show him I wasn't completely his. Despite the longing I felt in my body, I pulled away from him. "Not so fast, you fucking bastard."

He reached out to grab me but missed. "What do you mean, not so fast?" He moved closer to me across the couch. "Doc, if you don't let me fuck you right now I'm going to lose my fucking mind!"

The heat and fire in his eyes was gorgeous to me. It was a wild desire, madness and passion. I'd never seen it before in another man, and this fucker had it for me!

He grabbed me and held me still while I faced him. He smirked as he cradled by balls and hard cock. "Don't try and act like you don't want my cock inside you, Doc."

I grabbed onto the back of his neck. My eyes were drowning in his. I heaved, and my nostrils flared as I fought my urge to give into him.

This was a fight now. A fight for control. A fight not to become his completely. And I was determined to win. He wasn't going to fuck me. I was going to fuck him.

I pushed him by his chest back down onto the couch.

He smiled back at me. "What are you trying to do, Doc?"

I ran my hands over his chest and his stomach. His skin was glistening in sweat, shining muscles in the lamp light of my office. I licked his neck.

He started breathing heavy again.

I sucked on his nipple.

He put his hand on the back of my hand and ran his fingers through my hair. "Fuck, Doc. Just ride me already."

I leaned back up with a grin on my face, knowing I was getting him back under my control. I leaned into kiss him.

He closed his eyes and tilted his head, ready to put his lips on mine.

But I pulled away with a cheeky smile. "Not so fast, bastard."

He bit his lip with a smile. "You're a cunt, Doc." He took a firm grip on the back of my neck. "Suck my cock." He pushed my head down.

I opened my mouth willingly. His control was too hot to resist now. His large, throbbing cock slid in between my lips. He pushed my mouth halfway down on his shaft. I could taste his precome. I obediently sucked on his rod, getting it drenched and polished. I played with his balls. They were full and raised, ready to bust.

His hand raked down my back and found my asshole. It was wet enough that he slipped two fingers into me with ease.

"Fuck," I groaned with his cock in my mouth.

He spanked me. "Stop teasing me, man." He lifted me off his cock and pulled me into his lap. "Let me fuck you already!" He jammed his tongue into my mouth.

I kissed him back. I was lost in the haze of sex and lust. His tongue was strong and fast on mine. Our lips were a mangled mess of heat.

He went to lay me down, but I still had a little bit of fight left in me.

I pushed him back against the couch and got on top of him, spreading my legs around him, teasing him by letting his cock rub against my butt.

He grabbed one ass cheek into each hand and squeezed me hard, so hard he left marks. He growled like an animal. "Get my fucking cock inside you now or I'll throw you on the floor and fuck you until you scream."

This guy had my engine revving like a fucking monster truck. I wrapped my hand around his throat. "You're going to sit still and let me ride your dick, or I'll kick you out of my office right now."

He smiled back at me with that spark in his eyes. "You're a freak, Doc."

I reached behind me and stroked his cock. "So are you."

"Fuck," he groaned. He was aching to be inside me.

And my body hurt for him, begged for him.

"Put your hands at your sides," I told him.

He squeezed my ass. "No, why?"

"Do it, or I won't fuck you."

He glared at me and removed his hands from me. He held onto the leather of my couch.

I lined up the head of his cock with my asshole.

His nostrils flared. He breathed heavy and fierce.

I slid his rod into me. It stretched and filled me. I only took the first two inches.

His eyes widened and his mouth opened like he was in agony. "Oh fuck," he whimpered.

I wanted to go all the way down, but I resisted. I held onto his shoulders while raising myself back off him. I took his cock all the way out and then slowly put it back into me.

He was on the verge of tearing into the leather of the couch. "Doc, just fucking ride me already!"

I lowered myself further onto him. I could feel his cock in the bottom of my stomach. It was sharp pain and unbelievable pleasure, radiating through my whole body. My fingernails dug into his shoulders.

We both growled and breathed like animals. In heat for each other. Ravenous for one another. Enflamed by one another. I'd never wanted someone so badly in all my life.

"Let me touch you," he growled.

I grabbed his face and put my lips against his. "No," I whimpered. I was barely able to speak as I raised and lowered my body onto his dick. "Hands down."

He bit my bottom lip and tugged at it. "Shut up and let me fucking touch you!"

"Fuck," I whined. Without thinking, I was taking his cock all the way inside me. My precome poured out of my rigid cock onto his stomach. "Travis, no."

He grunted. "Fuck you, Doc. Let me grab you." He raised his hands.

I pushed his hands off of me. But my fight wasn't enough. I was too overcome with the sensation of him inside me to fight away his touch.

He grabbed onto my ass and started forcing me down on him hard and fast, and I let him with complete surrender.

My head leaned back and my eyes rolled back. I held onto his shoulder and the back of his neck, raking my fingers into his hair as I rocked up and

down and back forth. His cock felt like it was dancing inside me, spinning inside me, rocking my brains out. The sounds he made sent me to heaven. The way his hands squeezed my flesh tore my resistance to shreds.

"Fuck!" I screamed out.

I was his. All his and there was nothing I could do about it.

He bucked up into me like a bull.

I didn't even know I was coming. All I felt was an explosion of every nerve ending in my body, a release of every muscle and tension. I saw red. I could hear myself crying out in orgasm but I didn't know I was doing it.

He pulled out of me.

I was too spent to hold myself up, so I collapsed onto the couch on my back.

He leaned over me and stroked his cock, until he groaned aloud and sprayed me down with hot come. "Fuck!" he kept moaning. "Fuck!"

And then it all stopped.

It was just us, breathing heavy and fast, our bodies quickly crashing from orgasm.

He lay on top of me. Our come and sweat mixed with one another where our bodies touched. His muscle against my stomach. Warm and wet, drenched in each other's scents. I swear to God I would've died happy in that moment.

He didn't kiss me. He usually didn't after hook ups. Because that spark in his eye that existed for me seemed to die after sex, and I knew why.

"I can't stay much longer," he said. His voice was hoarse and full of guilt. "My wife. She's expecting home early tonight."

I didn't touch him anymore. I couldn't, not without risking longing for him more than I already was. So instead, I pushed him off of me. "Yeah, Travis, you should probably get dressed and go."

TWO

"Shit, shit," I kept saying over and over.

I checked my reflection in the mirror of the office bathroom. I run my fingers over the hickey Travis left on my neck. "She's going to see this. There's no way she won't see this."

Damn, I thought. I was about to have a counseling session with a woman and her husband, and she had no idea that I was banging her husband on the side. Why did Travis's wife want this "emergency meeting"? What did she know? My stomach was in knots about it.

There was a knock on the bathroom door.

I stepped outside.

My receptionist was in the hallway. "Sir, the Clarks are here for you."

I took a deep breath. "Alright, send them in."

I waited in my office feeling like I was about to throw up.

I turned around to see Travis standing in the doorway. He nodded my way, but he didn't smile. I could see the same nervousness in his eyes that I felt. He walked in, and after him came his wife.

"Hey guys," I said to them.

"Hey Doc," Travis said under his breath.

"Hello, Doctor." His wife shook my hand.

Travis kept his hands in the pockets of his jeans.

"It's good to see you again, Ellen," I told his wife with a fake smile.

Ellen was a pretty young woman as always, nicely dressed, and from her demeanor she seemed ready to talk for hours.

"You too, Doctor." She took a seat next to Travis on my couch.

Oh God, I thought while looking at the two of them sitting on my couch.

I fucked her husband right where she's sitting. He pounded me on that couch.

This felt wrong on so many levels, but I was barely able to keep it together and act like a professional.

"Thank you for seeing us on a short notice," Ellen said. She put her hands in her lap on her light blue dress. I noticed her hair pulled back so tight that it looked like it hurt her. "I think," she looked at Travis, "well we both think that... well that..."

I looked nervously between the two of them.

Travis clenched his teeth. I could see his jaw flex. His body was tense. I could see the definitions in the muscles of his arms. He leaned forward on his knees. He glanced at me, but he wouldn't keep eye contact for long.

I cleared my throat. "Look, er, Ellen, Travis... whatever it is that you want to discuss... this is a safe place. You can talk with me about anything." I hesitated and looked at Travis. "It's best to be completely honest about these things."

Travis lowered his head.

Ellen sat up straight. "Doctor, you know how we've been struggling with our sex life."

Travis and I glanced at one another.

"Yes," I said, "I know."

"It hasn't gotten much better," Ellen said.

Well not for you, I thought. I bit my tongue.

"But we've been talking, and..." She put her hand on Travis's knee. "We want to work harder to get things better between us."

Seeing her hand on his knee triggered a reflex reaction within me. My fingers turned into a fist. I wanted to leap on the couch and tear her away from him. That was my man to touch, not hers!

No, I thought. Fucking stop it. She's married to him.

"Okay," I said.

"And Travis mentioned something last night that kind of, well, alarmed me," Ellen continued.

"Okay," I said. "What did Travis say?"

Travis and Ellen looked at one another. He was in trouble with her.

"He suggested," Ellen said, "that we try an open relationship."

Holy fuck! I almost fell out of my seat. I shifted in my seat and cleared my throat. "Oh, oh really?"

Keep calm, I thought. Just keep calm and therapy on.

"And how did that make you feel?"

Ellen burst out. "Well I think that's the worst thing we could ever try. I know a lot of couples do it, but it's not for us." She looked at her husband. "It's not for me, and I don't know if I can even trust Travis now that I know he's thinking about it."

Travis looked at me, and then he looked at the floor.

Does he want me to talk her into it? What does he want?

I considered telling her the benefits of an open relationship. I considered trying to get her into it. But this wasn't about what I wanted. Travis still loved her. And I wasn't going to be the one to ruin them.

"Travis, Ellen..." I leaned forward and took off my glasses. "I can't be the one who decides whether or not this type of thing is right for the two of you. You have to be the ones to decide for yourselves. Now, Ellen you've made it clear how you feel about it. Travis?"

Ellen and I waited with baited breath for our man to answer. Only she didn't know how much his answer would mean to me.

Travis looked at me for a few moments. There was this longing in his eyes. For a moment it seemed like he might spill our secret. He turned to his wife. He put his hand on hers. "Baby," he told her.

Baby? Both of my hands became fists. I tried to relax, but I found my fingers clinging into the leather of my chair. Baby? He was really doing that in front of me!

"I love you with all of my heart," he told her. "And if you aren't comfortable with something like that," he said. He looked at me for a moment. Then he looked down. "Then I'll put it out of my mind forever."

Ellen was on the verge of crying. She stayed still. She nodded. "Okay then."

I couldn't take anymore without wanting to leap out my window and end it all. "Alright then, guys. I think you two have some talking you need to do together. Without me." I stood up. "It was a good session."

Travis stood up. He couldn't look me in the face. "Thanks, Doc." He left the office.

Ellen stayed in the office. When Travis was gone, her demeanor changed. She seemed more relaxed, more casual. "Doctor, Travis and I are having a few friends over for dinner this Friday. I'd be delighted if you could make it." She put her hand on my arm and squeezed it. "I want to thank you for helping us the way you have." She kept eye contact too long to be casual.

This bitch is hitting on me, I thought. Her husband left, and so we get to the real reason why she wanted to meet.

"You're in such good shape," she said with a smile. "I bet you work out, don't you."

I stepped back from her. I thought about throwing her out of my office, but on second thought I got a better idea. "You know what, Ellen? I'd love to come over for dinner."

THREE

"I'm going to get wasted," Teresa said. "I'm just going to get completely shit faced to get through this evening." She sat in the passenger seat of my car as we parked in front of Travis's house. "I'm going to crap myself. Why are we doing this?"

I checked my reflection in the review mirror. "To show Travis his wife is a lying twat."

"Are you sure she actually hit on you?"

I leaned back in my seat. I turned to Teresa. "Girl, before she left my office she winked at me. This was all after she claimed to love Travis so much." I opened my door. "The bitch is going down."

"You really care about him." Teresa stepped out of the car. "Is the sex really that good?"

I paused and stared at her. My eyes widened. "Teresa, I swear to God, sex with him is better than anything."

We walked towards the house.

"Even liquor?" Teresa asked.

I groaned. "Stop talking about it. Maybe if you'd fuck him you'd understand."

Travis's house was out in the country, on a pasture just outside of town. It was regular sized home. We walked past the other cars of dinner guests who had already arrived. We got to the front door.

"Maybe I should fuck him then and find out," Teresa said. She rang the doorbell.

"Bitch!" I blurted out.

She laughed. "Why are you so angry?"

"That man is mine, slut," I told her. "So back off."

She burst out in laughter. "You're so sensitive about it, you little manwhore. Guess what? I'm going to let him fuck me tonight."

"Shut up," I told her. "Travis is fucking me so-"

The front door opened.

I shut my mouth.

Ellen stood on the other side, wearing a tight mini dress and make up. "Hey guys. I'm so glad you could make it." She smiled as she stepped aside to let us in. "Why Doctor, you look so handsome."

Teresa whispered to me. "Watch out she's going to mount you."

I nudged her. "Shut up."

Teresa and I stayed with one another and walked into the living room where everyone else was. They were dressed up, suits and dresses. And none of the men were as handsome as that fucking bastard, standing in the corner by himself... Travis.

Travis looked taller in his slacks and button up shirt. He wore a tie. I wanted to grab him by it and pull his lips to mine. He had a glass of whiskey in his hand. I wanted to take it from him, toss it back and then toss him on the pretty blue couch in his living room.

Ellen approached us. "So is this your girlfriend, Doctor?"

Teresa put her arm around me. "As a matter of fact, yes."

I rolled my eyes.

"And maybe more some day," Teresa said. She kissed me on the cheek. "Right pumpkin butt?"

"Pumpkin butt?" Ellen asked. She chuckled.

"Yeah," Teresa said. "It's my little nickname for him, right Pumpkin Butt?"

I sighed. I turned and whispered into Teresa's ear. "That's right, twat breath."

Teresa pinched my side.

It hurt, but I laughed it off and pretended with Teresa.

"He's so silly," Teresa said.

"I know." Ellen got closer to me and lowered his voice. "And I think

apple butt would be a better nickname." She stepped back. "I'll get you both some drinks."

When Ellen left, Teresa dropped the act. She slyly adjusted herself. "These panties are already riding up my ass."

"That'll be the first attention your ass has gotten all year," I told her.

She stomped on my foot. "Shut up. Not all of us have some stud husband to bang us." She leaned on my shoulder. "I mean, damn. Look at him."

We both looked at Travis as he spoke with one of his male guests.

"He's so fucking hot," Teresa said.

I sighed. "That's what's so frustrating about him."

"Now I get why you're in love with him."

I gasped. "I am not in love with him."

She stared me down. "Dude, you can't lie to me. I'm surprised you're not poking out of your pants right now -"

I saw Ellen coming back to us. I spoke over Teresa and made it appear we weren't just talking about how beautiful Ellen's husband was. "And so yeah, that's how you can tell if someone is schizophrenic."

Teresa stammered and stood up straight. "Er, yeah. Great. Good to know."

Ellen smiled as she handed us drinks. Two glasses of wine. "Seems like you two get along well. Why don't you go mingle? Don't be shy. Everyone here is very nice."

Ellen gulped her wine, grabbed Ellen and pulled her forward. "Which ones are single?"

"Er," Ellen hesitated, "that one in the red shirt is."

Teresa stared at the man in the red shirt. He was average looking, maybe in his fifties. Teresa shrugged. "Good enough."

I grabbed her arm before she could run away. "Don't leave me."

"You'll be fine," she whispered. "And like you said, this ass hasn't gotten attention in a year. I need to get some dick." She looked behind her.

We both saw Travis looking our way.

Teresa turned back to me. "And so do you."

I let her go.

"Huh," Ellen said to me. "Why is your girlfriend so eager to meet the single men?"

"Er," I said, "it's just a tick she has." I drank some wine. "She's got a strange mental disease. Really rare."

I stayed with Ellen through a minute of small talk.

"You know," she said to me, standing closer, "if you wouldn't mind seeing me after dinner, I have something I need to talk to you about. In private, if that's okay, Doctor."

I drank the rest of my wine. I saw Travis standing by himself, sneaking glances back at me. "Ellen, I need to thank your husband for having us."

She stood in shock of my rejection when I left for the other side of the room.

Travis avoided eye contact as I approached him.

"Hey," I said. I stood in front of him.

"Hey," he answered. He looked around me as if I wasn't there.

"Thanks for having me," I said.

He spoke coldly. "It was Ellen's idea."

We stood in silence for half a minute. It was agonizing. I felt embarrassed for trying to talking to him. And I didn't understand why he was closed off like this.

"I need more whiskey," he said, looking down into his empty glass.

"I could use some myself," I said.

He let out a deep breath. His eyebrows lowered as he looked me in the eye. "Alright, let's go get some."

He led me away from the crowd of his dinner guests and to the kitchen. He got the whiskey and poured us two glasses.

As I drank it, it burned my throat and chest, making me cough.

"Strong stuff, huh?" he asked.

I wiped my mouth. My face felt scrunched up in an expression of disgust. "That's fucking right. Damn!"

I tried to laugh it off, but Travis wasn't laughing. I got quiet. "What's wrong?"

Travis looked at me. He didn't say a word, but he kept his eyes on mine. He leaned on the kitchen table, just looking at me like he hated what he was going to say.

"Travis," I said, "just spit it out. What's wrong?"

"We can't do this," he finally said.

I leaned back against the counter. "What do you mean?"

"What we've been doing, Doc." He kept looking down. "All the hooking up. Sneaking around. We have to stop."

I felt I needed to tell him now about his wife before it was too late. "Travis, I need to tell you something." I took a step towards him.

He took a step away from me. "Doc, please. Look, this has been great. It really has." He took in a deep breath. "I mean, being with you has been one of the greatest experiences of my life." Finally, he looked up at me with those gorgeous eyes of his. "When I was with you, I've felt things I didn't even know I could feel."

Fuck you, I thought. Fuck you for telling me this. For setting me up like this just to hurt me. I knew he wasn't going to say what I wanted to hear, that he'd leave his wife for me.

"But I love Ellen," he said. "I'm in love with her, Doc. I have been since we were in college together."

I lowered my head. "Travis, please let me just tell you something."

"Doc, I know things aren't great between us right now. But we're going to work on it. We're going to get back to the way we were."

Something suddenly hit me. "Wait a second." My eyebrow raised. "Are you, do you regret what we did?"

He shook his head. "I regret that I lied about it. I can never tell Ellen. It would break her heart."

If only he knew the truth about her.

"That's why I asked if we could do an open relationship," he said. "I thought maybe I could still, you know, be with you."

I sighed. "You mean fuck each other."

"Doc, that's not-"

"Travis, just stop talking." I set my glass on the table. "You need to know something about-"

"Ellen," he said loud. He stood up straight at attention. He looked behind me.

I turned and saw his wife walk into the kitchen.

Bitch, I thought.

She smiled at both of us. "What are you two guys doing in here all alone? You can't have a session without me."

"Nothing," Travis answered. "We were just, er, you know, talking about guy stuff." He looked at me, his eyebrows lowered and an expression that told me to keep my mouth shut.

I clenched my fists, but I kept our secret. "Yeah, guy stuff. Football and beer."

Ellen laughed. "Alright then. Dinner is ready and everyone is going to the table."

Travis put his arm around her waist. He went to kiss her on her lips, but she turned from him. He seemed let down. "Alright, babe." He kissed her on the cheek, took a last look at me and then left for the dining room.

Ellen and I stood in the kitchen alone.

"You have a beautiful home," I said, trying to break the silence.

She got in front of me and put her hand on my chest. "Doctor, I just wanted to let you know how much I appreciate all the work you've been doing for me."

God damn it, I thought.

"You're welcome, Ellen," I answered. "But I'm also helping Travis. I'm helping both of you."

"Well we all appreciate it, Doctor." She leaned in close and whispered. "And I'll gladly show you how much I appreciate it after dinner."

I didn't fight her. I didn't accept her offer either. She made me want to slap her. I could only think about Travis and how much this would break his heart to know his wife wasn't faithful.

She left me for the dining room, saying, "Come on now, Doctor, we have to eat with everyone else."

Dinner with all those people was almost unbearable. Most of them were friends of Ellen's. Travis didn't even look like he enjoyed himself.

Travis and I kept glancing at one another through all the small talk.

And finally, after an aching two hours everyone was gone. Teresa and I were the only guests left at Travis's house.

Travis sipped the last from his third glass of whiskey.

Ellen was bringing dishes from the table into the kitchen.

"Let me help you, Ellen," Teresa told her. "I love clearing tables." She stumbled as she picked up plates.

I rolled my eyes. There was my best friend, drunk and stupid and helping do the dishes.

Travis kissed Ellen on the cheek. "I'm going outside for a bit."

Ellen smiled back at him, and I knew it was fake. "Okay, honey."

Travis left out the back door.

I waited a few moments, and then I followed him outside.

FOUR

Travis had walked down to a gazebo an eighth of a mile from his house. It was located near a small pond, made of white wood, small and pretty.

I walked up the steps of the gazebo.

Under the moonlight, I saw him leaning against a column and looking out over the pond.

"Hey," I said.

He turned around. "Doc, what are you doing out here? Shouldn't you be leaving?"

"My friend is helping your wife clear the dinner table." I stood next to him. "And I want to know if you're okay."

He took some steps away from me. "Don't do that, Doc. Don't pretend like you care how I'm doing."

"Travis, I care about you so-"

He walked to me. He was frustrated and angry. He grabbed me by my shirt and pinned me up against one of the columns. "Don't say that, Doc. Not now. Not tonight. Not while you're at the house where me and my wife live."

"Travis, stop." That's what my words said. But I didn't want him to stop. His control and his fierceness – it was a drug for me now. "Just let me tell you something."

"Shut up," he ordered. "Do you know how hard it is to look at you? To look at you and know that it's wrong for me to have you? It fucking tears me apart, Doc."

I put my hands on his. His hot breath hit my skin. Then I felt it, in between his legs, his erection.

"Fuck," he muttered. "Even when I try to be mad at you, you turn me on."

I forgot to tell him about his wife. My mind grew foggy.

His eyes pierced mine. His breath became short. He squeezed my shirt in his fists. "Why did you have to do this, Doc?"

I gulped. "Do what?"

"Make me want you so badly..." He lunged in for a kiss. He pressed his lips hard against mine and drove his tongue into my mouth. He spoke through heated. "I can't resist you."

"Fuck," I moaned as he kissed my neck.

"I know it's wrong," he said. "But I want you too badly to stay away from you."

I had to tell him then or I would lose myself completely. "Travis, your wife hit on me."

He stopped kissing me. He backed away from me and wiped his mouth of the taste of me. He glared at me. "What'd you just say?"

"Travis..." I took a deep breath. "Ellen has been making passes at me since the last time you both were in my office."

He hesitated, but he quickly got angry. "You're lying!"

"Travis, I'm sorry-"

"Stop talking," he ordered. "Just stop talking." He put his hands on his hips and took a deep breath. "Why would you say that? You'd lie to me to get me away from her, is that it?"

"Travis, no that's not it," I pleaded.

But he wouldn't listen. "Get off my property."

I stood aback. "What?"

"You heard me," he said, glaring into my eyes. "Get the hell away from me and my wife."

I gave up. I didn't have anything left to say because Travis wouldn't hear it.

I got Teresa and we left as fast as we could.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

I slammed the steering wheel as I drove us away from Travis's house.

"What's wrong?" she asked louder.

"We're done," I finally said. "Me and Travis, we're done."

FIVE

I went home, and I as I took a shower I kept telling myself over and over again that Travis would never see me again. I had to tell myself this over and over so that it would sink in, and sooner or later I would just let him go.

"Stupid," I said. "I was just stupid." Stupid to ever think I could be happy with him. After all, he was always going to be someone else's husband.

I got out of the shower.

I dried and wrapped a towel around my waist.

There was a knock at my door.

I hesitated. "Who the hell is that?"

The clock on my wall read it was near midnight. I knew Teresa was fast asleep by now, so who the hell else would be knocking on my door so late?

I looked through the peephole. "Holy shit!"

It was Travis.

I opened the door for him. "Travis?"

His eyes widened when he saw I was only wearing a towel. "Whoa, uh, hey, Doc."

I leaned against the doorframe. I felt bad for him, but I was still angry. "What the hell do you want, Travis? I thought I was supposed to leave you alone."

He lowered his head sheepishly. "Doc, I need to talk to you. Can I come in?"

"Don't give me those puppy dog eyes and think that's going to work."

But he didn't give up. He looked up at me with those damn eyes, so I gave in.

"Fine," I groaned as I stepped aside.

We walked into my living room.

"Aren't you going to get dressed?" he asked.

I folded my arms. "No, because I don't think this will take very long. What do you want, Travis?"

He sighed. "You must be pretty angry at me."

"Yeah, no shit."

He rubbed the back of his neck like it was difficult for him to think of what to say. "Look, Doc. I uh, I told Ellen about us."

My heart skipped a beat. I almost collapsed. "Fuck, you told her?"

He nodded. "I was done hiding secrets around her. And after I blew up at you, I realized it wasn't your fault. You didn't do anything to me, Doc. I wanted the things we did just as badly as you did. So I told my wife."

My mouth hung open in shock. "Oh my God, Travis. What did she say?"

"She laughed."

I felt even more confused. "She laughed?"

"Yeah." He took a step closer to me. "She started laughing, and she said that she thought you were straight." He took another step. He stood in front of me. "And she said she wasted her time trying to sleep with you."

My stomach dropped. "Shit, Travis. I'm sorry you had to find out like that."

He put his fingers to my mouth. "Doc, it's okay. Shh. You tried to tell me and I didn't want to listen. But you were right. Me and Ellen, we just aren't meant for one another."

My heart started beating faster to have him get close to me. I could see his hands, looking ready to touch my body. "So, what now then?"

"I don't know." He put his hands on my waist. "If you're willing to forgive me, that's what I want, Doc. And maybe now that I know what I really want, we can be more than just a fling on the side."

"Travis, I don't know about this." I put my hands on his broad shoulders. Just feeling his muscle set my body on edge. "I don't know if we can ever work out."

He seemed disappointed. He lowered his head. He was about to turn away, when I pulled him back to me.

Just like him, I couldn't fight my urges.

"But for tonight," I said with heated breath, "we can have each other. Even if it's just for one more night."

He leaned closer. His eyes started to close. "I can't say no to that, Doc." He kissed me. "I can't say no to you."

I put hands on the sides of his face. I touched the back of his neck while our lips started to dance. "Then don't," I told him. "Don't stop this time."

He moved his arms so I could take his jacket off. He raised them so I could slip off his shirt.

He slipped his fingers under the waistline of my towel. He tugged it open and let it drop to the floor.

I stood naked before him. My cock was hard. My heart raced and my skin felt warm and then hot.

"Come here you sexy bitch," he growled as he lifted me up.

I wrapped my legs around his waist.

He smiled at me. "Which way to your bedroom, Doctor?"

He took me back into my bedroom. We left the lights off, and he brought me to my bed. He tossed me onto it.

I bounced off the mattress and then lay on my back, watching him as he took his shoes and jeans off.

He slid down his boxers, revealing his beautiful, rock hard cock. He climbed onto the bed and on top of me.

This man is mine, I thought. All mine!

He dug his tongue back into my mouth. He pressed his body against me so I could feel his muscles and hard dick against my own.

His hands ran down my sides, lower until he was able to cup my buttocks in his large palms and squeeze.

I moaned. I whimpered.

He took control. He kissed my mouth and my ear. He licked my chest and sucked on my nipples. His growling and moaning and groaning drove me fucking crazy.

He kissed my stomach. He licked the shaft of my cock. Slow, teasing.

With the tip of his tongue.

"Fuck," I whimpered. "Travis, suck me. Suck my dick."

He licked up the shaft until he was at the tip. Then he opened his lips and took my cock halfway into his warm and wet mouth.

My head flew back against my mattress. My whole fucking body was enflamed in lust and love and desire for this stud. My fingers clawed into the sheets, ringing and tearing them.

I felt his tongue wiggle underneath my shaft. When he groaned I felt the vibration. My cock had never been so hard, dripping precome juice into his mouth.

"Oh my God, Travis!"

"You like that?" he asked.

I leaned my head up. "Fuck yes. It feels so good!"

He grinned. "What about this?" He whipped his tongue against my smooth balls, and then he gently sucked one into his mouth.

"Yes," I moaned. "Oh my God, yes!"

"What about this?" With a flat tongue, he licked along my swollen, hard taint.

My head reared back against the sheets. "Fuck yes! Don't tease me, Travis." I wanted his tongue in my asshole so fucking bad I was aching for it.

He took my legs and raised them. "As you wish, Doc."

I felt his hot, wet tongue swirl around my hole. I puckered and moaned for him. I bit into my pillow. I ran my hands over my reddened chest. Everything I touched felt like ecstasy. Every part of me he touched was obliterated in pleasure. His tongue licked me harder, slower, pressing into the most sensitive spot of my body. "Fuck!"

He growled and grunted. He pushed his face against me, and I could feel the scruff of his face on my body. By now my body was begging for his cock to be inside me.

"Travis," I begged. "Fuck me. I need to fuck me right now!"

He let my legs back down. He climbed on top of me and jammed his tongue back into my throat.

I reached for his manhood, and I found it stiff as a rod and dripping with precome.

He groaned rough as I stroked his throbbing shaft. "Fuck, Doc. Yes. That's going in your ass tonight."

I raised my hips and directed his thick cock towards my hole. "Travis, it's going in me right now."

He held himself still. "Are you sure you don't wanna-" he started to say. He was going to ask if we wanted to tease ourselves some more like we always did. But that was before now, before he was all mine for the taking.

I moved down and lined his cock up with my ass. I put it into me, just his head, and instantly felt a wave of pleasure overtake me as it stretched me inside.

"Fuck," he groaned.

I breathed fast and heavy. "No. Travis, I want your cock inside me now!"

He pinned me down on the mattress. "Yes sir," he grunted. Then with a single thrust, he moved his cock halfway inside me.

My eyes rolled back as the sharp pain stung me. But a second later, it turned into fantastic pleasure. I grabbed him by his hips and pulled him. I wanted him as deep as he could go.

"Holy fuck, Doc!" he moaned. He thrust in and out in a slow rhythm. And every time he went in his cock throbbed a little harder. "Fuck, I can't hold back. You feel too fucking good!"

I grabbed the back of his neck and pulled his head down. I kissed him so hard he couldn't breathe. I bit onto his bottom lip while he fucked me with everything he had. One thrust after another, making me so hard I was ready to explode.

"Fuck," I whimpered with his lips against mine. "Oh fuck!"

I didn't even touch myself.

And as he thrust inside me, my body squirmed and shook, building to an incredible release as come poured out of me and onto my groin and stomach.

He could feel my ass squeezing around his shaft.

He slammed his hand against my headboard and rammed my ass hard

and fast.

"Fuck!" he roared.

This was my fucking man! My beautiful fucking bastard and he was all mine! Finally!

"Come inside me," I begged. "Travis give me your come!"

He grabbed my face and shut me up with an aggressive kiss. He heaved and panted and grunted and groaned.

He thrust a final time, and then he thrust slow and sharp as deep as he could. "Fuck!" he cried out in a high pitch.

His cock pulsed inside me so hard it felt like it grew another inch in girth. I could feel the white hot come flow into me, shooting from him as his body writhed in aching release.

He grabbed onto my hands and intertwined his fingers in mine. "Fuck," he whined again as his orgasm continued.

After a minute it stopped, and his body almost collapsed onto me.

He started laughing. His smile was bright and his eyes had a spark in them I'd never seen before. I'd never seen him so happy. "Holy fuck, that was the best orgasm I've ever had." He lay on me, keeping his come covered cock within me.

"Me too," I said.

Our lips met again. He kissed me slow and gentle.

"So," he said. "Is this still just a one time thing? Because I'm single now."

I laughed. "Shut up, you bastard."

"I'm going to pull out, you ready?"

I bit my lip and nodded.

He slowly pulled out of me, and some of his come dripped onto the bed.

He lay down beside me and put his arm around me.

"Travis?" I asked.

He was already falling asleep. "Yeah, baby?"

I turned to him and let him hold my body against his. "This isn't just a one time thing."

And together, we'd never been so happy.